INTERIOR OF COLISEUM-CHICAGO CONVENTION.

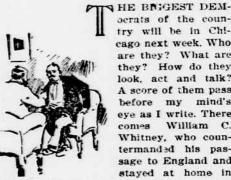
Gossip About Men Prominent in Chicago Just Now.

## MILLIONAIRES AT COMING CONVENTION

Farmers Boies and Bland and Vice President Stevenson.

SOUTHERN CONTINGENT

(Copyrighted, 1896, by Frank G. Carpenter.) CHICAGO, July 2, 1896.



ocrats of the country will be in Chicago next week. Who are they? What are they? How do they look, act and talk? A score of them pass before my mind's eye as I write. There comes William C Whitney, who countermanded his passage to England and staved at home in

order that he might induce this convention to declare for a gold standard. That welldressed, rosy-cheeked man, with the black mestache, the straight nose and the gold eyeglasses is he. Every one knows him. He was one of the big men of the convention of 1884, which nominated Cleveland the first time. He was Cleveland's Secretary of the Navy and he could have had the presidency once or twice by the raising of his hand. He could get it now by working for it, but he don't want it, and he would not accept it on a free silver platform. Mr. Whitney is a man of convictions. He does not believe in free trade, and he has always been for sound money. He was disgusted with Cleveland when he came out for free trade, and he told him that his free trade message would lose him the presidency in 1888, as it did. I was a correspondent for the New York World when Cleveland delivered that message, and I called that night at Secretary Whitney's house to get his opinion. He hemmed and hawed and walked up and down the room, and at last begged me not to interview him. as he could not say anything on the sub-ject which would help the administration. Secretary Whitney was at this time the most popular man in Washington. His brilliant wife was then living, and she and Mr. Whitney were the leading social figures of the Cleveland administration. It was Mrs. Whitney who coached Mrs. Cleveland when she came to Washington as a bride. She was of great aid to her husband and when she died, I am told, she left him \$3,000,000 Mrs. Whitney was the daughter of ex-Senator Henry B. Payne of Cleveland, and it is said that if Whitney ever wants to be President he can command the support of his brother-in-law, Oliver H. Payne, of the Standard Oil Company. Oliver Payne is almost as rich as John Rockfeller, and he may be worth \$100,000,000. Whitney, I understand, however, does not like to be associated with the Standard Oil Company. He had begun to make money before he was married, and he is reported to have gotten a single fee of \$150,000 from Jay Gould for some legal work. Of late years he has been making money in busi-ness, and I venture to say that he has himself accumulated more than he ever re-ceived from his wife. He got his political training under Samuel J. Tilden, and he is today one of the shrewdest political man-agers and organizers of the United States. agers and organizers of the United States. He will be a power in this fighting conven-

tion, and is a striking figure even in the piping times of political peace. Cal. Brice and His Ambitions.

With Whitney I see another distinguished character. The man looks for all the world as though he had just stepped out of the pages of the London Punch of days gone by and was a walking cartoon made by Mr. Leach. His curly, bushy, red hair hangs down over his big forehead like a brush heap. His nose is almost as big as your fist, and his sharp, cold, blue look out from under heavy brows. He is dressed in business clothes, and he stoops a little as he walks. His stoop, however, is not that of humility, but rather that of the fighter who has a chip on his shoulder and is ready for a spring. That man is Senator Cal. Brice. He still lives in New York, but he has a mighty power in the state of Onio. During the years of his senatorship he has had a select list of every prominent democratic editor, lawyer and politician of the state, and has sent them week after week seeds and government documents, accompanied by letters stamped with a good imitation of his autographic signature. Brice is for hard mon-ey. At any rate, he is not for free sil-ver. He has a big pile of gold laid up, and he wants his money to have the best spend-ing power. Still, he seems to care little for money, and to accomplish his ends he makes it flow like water. His life at Washington has annually cost him ten times his salary. He gave one single dinner upon which he spent more than \$12,000, and his wife is, perhaps, one of the most lavish entertainers of the United States. Still, I was told in Lima, from whence Brice came, a year or two ago, that when he was married he had to pawn his watch to pay the expenses of his wedding trip. He was, you know, the son of a Presbyterapart of the distance to save the expenses of a stage. Now he is worth no one knows how many millions, and his nerve is such that it is said he can make or lose a fortune, to use the expression of one of his friends, "without batting an eye." Cal. Brice is a man of much ability. He is more of a developer of properties than a wrecker of them, and though he suchered the Vanderbilts, they say, as to the Nickle Plate railroad, he has built up many good properties. He told me not long ago that Campbell of Ohio would make a good presidential candidate, and said he (Brice) did not want the presi-dency himself, because he had too much business on hand, and he had noticed that when the White House bee got into a man's hair his business brains usually flew out

Bookwalter of Ohio.

Another Ohio millionaire who will strut across the Chicago stage is John W. Bookwalter of Springfield. Bookwalter has amassed a big pile in manufacturing and

duces as much as 150,000 bushels of wheat at a single season. He farms his land through lessees, each of whom has 160 acres, and it is his idea eventually to build a town in the center of this big farm and to manage it on the French plan, making a model country town out of it. Boekwalter is something of a presidential candidate and he is one of those men concerning whom it is not safe to prophesy. He is in his fifties and is still in the very prime of life. I don't think he has ever held any public office, but he has had more experience than the average politicism. ience than the average politician. He is a man of broad gauge ideas and is one of the most cultured and traveled men of the democratic party. He has been all over Europe, has taken a trip around the world and knows the United States like a book. He is conservative on the money question and his strength in Ohio is such that he would make an available candidate.

Two Confederate Generals. There will be a big contingent here from the south. Some of the most striking figures on the political stage are southern democrats. Let me show you one of them. Imagine a man of six feet dressed in black broadcloth. Let him have a face bearing all the classical lines of Edwin Booth and let his long hair be as black as was that of John Wilkes Booth when he jumped out of the President's box in Ford's Theater at Washington. Let the man's face be florid, but let every line be full of culture. Put him on crutches and let him move about with dignity from one place to another and you have Senator John W. Daniel of Virginia, the silver-tongued orator of the south, the opponent of President Cleveland, and the great advocate of free silver. He is one of the brainlest and bravest, as well as one of the kindest of our public men, and did you know him well he might tell you, as he did me the other day, how he got the wounds which so crippled him. He went into the southern army as a boy and had risen, I think, to be adjutant general at the time he was so badly shot. He was riding his horse and a cannon ball took away a por-tion of his thigh. He fell and lay for time in the midst of the battle until one of his own soldiers who was also wounded, dragged him behind a log. There the two lay together for more than half an hour with the bullets flying, the shells bursting and the battle going on all about them. When the fight was finished Daniel was carried to the hearital. The surgeon was carried to the hospital. The surgeon said he would die, but a section of his thigh bone was cut away and his youthful vitality was such that he recovered. He has today six inches of bone out of one of his legs and still he manages to do good work, though he is in constant pain. He told me that he thought his wound had been a good thing for him in that it was during his six months in the hospital that he ac-

these has already paid him more than \$20,-

quired his taste for reading and there be-gan the studies the continuation of which have developed him into the famous man

that he is. Daniel made a reputation as a lawyer before he got into politics. He has written two good law books and one of

This fight of the democrats will be a bitter one, and it will require nerve for the men here to say what they think. Among the nerviest of the lot is Gen. John B. Gordon of Georgia, and he may make one of the big speeches of the convention. Senator Gordon is now realizing a fortune out of his lectures, and he has gotten much fame as an orator. He is tall, straight and gray-haired. Socially he is impulsive and full of feeling, but in action he is the coolest of the cool, and whatever be the troubles here he will not lose his head. A remarkable instance of his nerve occurred at the battle of Sharpsburg, at which he was wounded. He was shot by a builet in the head, knocked from his horse and thrown in a half conscious state on the bat-

is so, it has carried away my head; therefore I must be dead. And still I am thinking, and how can a man think with his head shot off? And if I am thinking I cannot be dead! Still a man might have consciousness after he is dead, but have consciousness after he is dead, but his body could not have action? Now, I will see! If I can lift my legs then I must be alive. Can I? Yes, I can. I see it rising. I cannot be dead after all.' And with that," concluded General Gordon, "I woke up and found my head still on, but also that I had been reasoning as philosophicalthat I had been reasoning as philosophically and logically over the loss of it as though I had been in my office and not ly-ing wounded on the battlefield."

Farmer Boies. Bland will have a strong competitor along his own lines in this convention with Gov. Boies of Iowa. Boles can also appeal to the farming population by being one of them. He has 2,600 acres at Waterloo, Iowa. He has a thousand acres of grazing land in another county, and I am told that he has 500 head of cattle in one place. Gov. Boies also pretends to be plain, but in appearance he looks more like an aris-tocrat. He is tall, broad-shouldered and fine looking. He has a big body, big limbs and a big round head, covered with hair of silver white. He dresses in a black diagonal frock coat, loose trousers and white shirt, with a trun-over collar. He wears gold spectacles and buttoned shees, while Bland comes out with iron-rimmed glasses and ton heats. Gov. Roiss is a rich more and top boots. Gov. Boies is a rich man. He was born in a log cabin in New York state, and went west to make his fortune. He earned his first money as a ditch dig-ger at \$10 a month; did better after he settled in Iowa, and finally got so far ahead that he was able to study law. He was a republican until Cleveland first ran for President in 1884, when he voted the democratic ticket and he has been a democratic ever since. He is now nearly seventy, but his physical condition is such that any life insurance company would give him a ten years' policy at low rates.

Adlat and the Mule. It is wonderful how many big men there are among these democrats. I mean men big in body as well as in brain. Boies of Iowa weighs more than two hundred. Carlisle must touch the two hundred mark. Bland is short, but heavy. Gen. John M. Palmer is a six footer, and Adlai E. Stevenson, who is something of a candidate for the presidency, stands seventy-four inches tall in his stockings and weighs two hundred and nineteen and a half pounds. Carlisle is a big brunette. Ste-venson is a big blonde. You might almost call him a strawberry blonde, for there is a reddish tinge to what is left of his hair and there is a glint of gold among the silvery threads of his heavy mustache. Stevenson, like Carlisle, was born in Ken-tucky, and, like Carlisle, he was a poor boy. His first reading was done during the intervals of work upon his father's farm. He had to fight for his time for reading, and I heard the other day a story of how he got in some of it unknown to his amassed a big pile in manufacturing and inventing. He makes farm implements, and he is, I am told, worth his millions. He came from Indiana, where he was brought up on a farm. At twenty-three he struck out for himself, and now having made his fortune, he amuses his leisure by piaying at farming on a large scale. Among other properties he has a sixty-thousand-acre tract of land in Nebraska. Of this forty thousand acres are under cultivation, and in good years Bookwalter pro-

bell around the mule's neck, and told Adlai he should know that when that bell stop-ped ringing he had stopped work. For ped ringing he had stopped work. For some days, however, he noted that the bell rang continuously, but that there was little plowing done. He could not understand it, and he s!!pred quietly around to the corn field, the bell keeping up its ringing as he came. When he reached the fence he looked in vain for Adlai or the mule. But the bell still rurg. He followed its sound, and there in the thicket at the side of the field sat the bare-footed future Vice President deep in the mysteries of Robinson Crusoe, while his foot moved regularly to and fro pulling at a string, one end of which was attached to his big toe and the other to the bell, which he had hung up on a bush a few yards away. It is needless to say that Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday were laid away for that day at least. Soon after this Adlai's father moved to Illinois, but the boy came back to Centre College, Kentucky, to get his education FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Reforming the World. From Harper's Bazar.

A woman whose goodness and tenderness make her loved by all who know her, once said to an impatient girl friend: "My dear, to allow others to be mistaken. It is a difficult lesson to acquire, but it is one

that will make you and all who come in contact with you happier." The wise advice often occurs to me while listening to discussions and heated arguments upon utterly unimportant matters. Suppose John says that he left home this morning for his office at 8:30 and Mary knows that the hands of the clock pointed to 8:15 as he lessed the front does be being the first does be the state. to 8:45 as he closed the front door behind him. Why should she tell him of his mistake? Nobody likes to be told that he is wrong, and few of us will believe it of curselves when we are told of it. there is no principle involved it is wiser, gentler and kinder to let a trifling error pass unnoticed. If a friend has bought the pass unnoticed. It a friend has bought the material for a portiere and has had the curtain made by a scamstress under the fond conviction that she has saved money by so doing, why tell her that she could have bought a pair of ready-made portieres for what she has paid for the material and the making of one? It will only lessen her enjoyment in her property, and do neither you nor her any good. When a mistake is made and past changing, let it alone. It is a great undertaking to try to right the world, and those whose temerity permits them to attempt the task should be careful that the so-called righting is not in trease a mixture of the so-called righting is not in trease a mixture of the so-called righting is not in trease a mixture of the so-called righting is not in trease. in itself a mistake.

Robert Louis Stevenson's Wife. In the Midland Monthly for June there is an article by Mrs. C. F. McLean on "Robert

Louis Stevenson at Gretz," in France, where the novelist met his wife when she was Mrs. Osborne and not yet divorced from her husband, with whom, however, she did not live happily. The divorce was obtained afterward. Mrs. McLean thus writes of Mrs. Stevenson:

writes of Mrs. Stevenson: She who is now the widow of the great these has already paid him more than \$20,000 in royalties.

She who is now the widow of the great
author was at Gretz in the summer of '77.
At the age of sixteen she had married in
Indianapolis the private secretary of Goveinor Wright. She had, however, gone to
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She who is now the widow of the great
author was at Gretz in the summer of '77.
At the age of sixteen she had married in
Indianapolis the private secretary of Goveinor Wright. She had, however, gone to
Paris from the art school of San Francisco,
where both she and her daughter then in

You're both goed at business: you don't where both she and her daughter, then in her first teens, had been among the most noticeable pupils. Mrs. Osborne was hardly seventeen years older than her daughter and looked so little older that no amount of assertion in the most vigorous French ever did convince the peasants of Gretz that mother and daughter were really not sisters. There was also with Mrs. Osborne her little son, since then to some extent a coworker of Robert Louis Stevenson. It daughter, related that often the students instead of drawing the posed model, pre-ferred to put on canvas the heads of the two American students. She who is now Mrs. Stevenson had a slight, willowy figure. thrown in a half conscious state on the battlefield. As he lay there he reasoned with himself, and not long ago he described his sensations at the time, as follows. He said:

"I can remember the operations of my mind. It seemed to me I was soliloquizing and that I said to myself:

"Now my head feels as though a six-one watched her luminous eyes with the cone watched her luminous eyes with the expectation of seeing a new expression light."

"Not in Tuttle. "Not in Tuttle. "Not in Tuttle." It is has acquired more repose and languor than she possessed at Gretz. There every one has now read of her wonderful dark eyes and abundant dark hair. Julian Hawthorne has written of her as oriental in type. That may now be true if she has acquired more repose and languor than she possessed at Gretz. There every one has now read of her wonderful dark eyes and abundant dark hair. State of the cours of significant in the course of expectation of seeing a new expression light up their depths. Her head is shapely and her hair, in the wavy outlines it then made around her forehead, seemed to belong to an artistic scheme of dark curves of which her eyebrows and long eyelashes formed a part. She was an excellent listener, and, when she did talk, she always spoke in a quiet, epigrammatic way, which possessed a peculiar charm for a man of Robert Louis Stevenson's cast of thought.

"There!" ,said Andrew Tuttle, "take 'em and put 'em away! That's six pairs of 'em; enough for my own funeral." Andrew Tuttle had taken off a pair of black silk, gloves and he smoothed them

carefully before handing them to Mr-. "Laws!" cried Mrs. Tuttle; "it ain't cheerful puttin' away things like these; it pears to me they ought to be burned."

em," whispered little Anastasia Tuttle. "Put 'em away; put 'em away," ordered Mr. Tuttle, He was standing before the sitting room stove warming the hands that had come out of the gloves. "Of all the fuss and furry and the tarnal expense," he muttered. "It don't seem half fair, nohow. Joshua Mudd was a sensible man; he wouldn't have had no such nonsense about

him if he'd had his say." "I s'pose it was a real stylish funeral," said Mrs. Tuttle, in a tone of interest.

"Stylish; yes," roared Tuttle. "Flowers from her folks in town, crepe for to smother the hats and the streamer on the door a sight to see. Stylish, I should say so; they even sent my gray mare around to the stable and furnished me with some feller's black colt that went kickin' and a spreein' to the funeral like 'twas a weddin'." "How was the coffin?" inquired Mrs. Tut-

"Don't speak of the coffin," said Tuttle, in an awed voice. "What do you think they give for it? Seventy-five dollars, as I'm a sinner. It was covered with cloth and had silver handles, and the widow's in debt. She could no more afford seventy-five dollars for Joshua's coffin than she could afford to send that daughter of hers to afford to send that daughter of hers to boardin' school. One thing is certain, when I'm dead and gone, mother, I don't want any style in the manner of puttin' me away. By Jiminy! I'll insure a plain funeral; I'm hanged if I won't buy my own

Andrew Tuttle turned about from the stove; he was in a glow over the sudden in-spiration. "I'll keep the expenses down there, too," he said. "I've never been cheated yet. Seventy-five dollars for a coffin;

my! my!'
As Andrew Tuttle left the sitting room by the back door two little boys entered it from the hall; wide-awake little boys, who had ev.dently been listening. "What's the matter with father, mother?" asked Johnny Tuttle.
"What is he tellin' he's gunno do?" de-

manded little Andrew.

"Laws; he was just flurried over Joshua Mudd's grand funeral," explained Mrs. Tuttle. "It's father's way to go on a bit."

The boys glanced nervously at the corner where Anastasia was weeping copiously, with her head swathed in her gingham apron. "What's the matter with Stasy?" asked little Andrew.

"Father is going to buy his coffin," wailed Stasy Tuttie.
"What is he going to do it for, mother?" 'Oh, mother, don't let him," sobbed little Andrew.

"Laws!" cried Mrs. Tuttle, cheerfully, "'tain't no use cryin' about it; mebbe he's only taikin'; but if he's made up h.s mind to it 'tain't no use to argue with him no-"Mebbe tonight he'll forget about it,"

said little Andrew, nopefully, but Stasy kept on crying.

Indeed, the idea of buying his own coffin had instantly taken definite shape in the brain of Andrew Tuttle, pleasing him mightily. "Plain pine, that is what the material's to be," he explained to Mrs. Tuttle, "none of your cloth covered coffins for me." "Plain pine with no trimmin's," he me." "Plain pine with no trimmin's," he said to the undertaker the rext time he went to town.

Andrew Tuttle brought his coffin home in riumph one night, shouldered it and car-

"You've done scared the children," cried Mrs. Tuttle, 'settin' the ugly thing here amongst jem."

you're both good at business; you don't want your father to be cheated when he can't defend himself, do you?" "No," sobbed the boys. They came close o him and hung about his knees. "But we don't want you to buy your own

coffin neither," sobbed little Andrew.

Mr. Tuttle laid a caressing hard on the head of each of his sons and looked across at his daughter. "Slasy," he said, "you don't want your mother to be worried by was small wonder that artists who worked in the ateliers with the two, mother and that she can't afford, and that ain't worth the money? Even a little girl oughtn't to

Stasy wept very violently.
"Laws, father," cried Mrs. Tuttle, "mebbe I'll die first." "Not in the natural course," said Mr. Tuttle. "Well, I'll hist it to the garret

out of sight if the family ain't goin' to "Stasy ain't seen It at all." whispered lit-Somehow, Andrew Tuttle felt pleased with his two little boys and his girl for not

taking an interest in the plain pine coffin, which he cheerfully carried on up to the garret.
The baby was the only person in the Tuttle household who felt in no way concerned about the purchase of the coffin. True. Mrs. Tuttle said very little on the subject.

but she thought a great deal. Bury Andrew Tuttle in such a looking thing as that-catch her!

gloom had fallen upon the house with the entrance of their father's coffin; they never for a moment doubted that it would be used as their father intended. Mrs. Tuttle made her first complaint when the children said they were afraid to go to the garret.

"Afraid to go to the garret!" she repeated. "What new foolishness is this? Why should you be afraid to go to the garret all of a sudden?"

ret all of a sudden?'
Andrew Tuttle was in the room when Andrew Tuttle was in the room when Mrs. Tuttle put the question. He had said to each of his sons and to his young daughter that he didn't wish to hear any more talk about the coffin. It was little Andrew who summoned up courage to answer: "'Cause there's something up in the garret that didn't use to be there," he said.

Mr. Tuttle burst into a loud guffaw.

"You see, it's a shame to have the thing in the house," said Mrs. Tuttle; "children is such funny things." "Oh, yes, father; please let mother burn

s such funny things." "They'll get used to it," said Mr. Tuttle. "Put comething in it; I don't object to the thing payih' for itself by bein' useful." thing payin' for itself by bein' useful."
Andrew Tuttle was taken at his word.
Mrs. Tuttle put the last crop of onions into
the pine coffin. She sent the children to
the garret regularly for the onions. They
went, all three together, stepping cautiously, running back every now and then
because the floor creaked, but by and by
they got partially used to it.

they got partially used to it.

It was the two colored men who made a fuss over the onion receptacle. As soon as they discovered where the onions were kept they refused to eat them, and yet, according to their own testimony, they were so "powerful" fond of onlons that they wouldn't work on a farm where they didn't have them three or four times a week.
"Well, father," said Mrs. Tuttle, "the

hands won't eat our onions."
"Won't eat our onions?" cried Tuttle.
"Why's that?" "Because they've been kept in the coffin,' said Mrs. Tuttle.

"Stuff and nonsense!" roared Tuttle. In order to keep his hands, however, Mr Tuttle was obliged to purchase a fresh supply of onions, at a time, too, when onions were scarce. He groaned when he paid out \$5 for three bushels. One day, Andrew Tuttle, coming into the

sitting room, was startled to see his coffin occupying a place by the stove. The baby's blanket was hanging over the side.
"Well, what's the meaning of that,
mother?" he demanded.
"The baby's cradle's broke," said Mrs. Tuttle, "and it was the only thing I could find. Besides, the children is still a little

scared at it; they might as well get real used to it, and it needs airin' after holdin' tnem onions.' Mr. Tuttle shut his mouth firmly; he had bidden Mrs. Tuttle make use of it, but, somehow, he didn't relish the idea of going

to his grave in the baby's cradle. "It's gettin' awful dirty, father," said Anastasia one morning, with her eyes fixed seriously upon the baby's cradle.

"Yes, it is getting dirty," said Mr. Tuttle, imping at an excuse. "You must push it back in the garret again, mother; usin' a thing and abusin' it are two different

"It would have to be used a lot to pay for itself and them onions," muttered Mrs. Tuttle, exasperated at giving up the baby's commodious cradle Upon the mantel in the Tuttle sitting

things."

room were three iron banks belonging respectively to Anastasia, John and Andrew Tuttle. Christmas was coming, and even Mr. Tuttle was anxious to know how the children were going to spend the money contained in the three banks. "Mebbe we'll get a present, mother," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes, "there's a heap of money in them banks, I'm think-

But the little Tuttles did not like to be teased about the money in the banks. They emptied the banks one day about two weeks before Christmas, and went together to the village store, where they purchased a quart of ready-inixed white paint and a paint brush. After that for several days whenever Mrs. Tuttle called one of the children the answer was pretty sure to come from the region of the cold garret.
"Laws, children is such funny things," she said. "Of all places in the world to choose the garret for a play house at this time of the year! It's a heap warmer in Up in the garret down on her knees, Anastasia Tuttle was taking her turn at

painting the pine coffin.
"It won't look so awful bad if it's painted Stasy had said to the little boys; "yes, that's the way we will spend our Christmas money; we will buy white paint and a paint brush and paint father's

"Well!" he said, with a great pride in

lis children showing itself in his honest face, "well, I declare!" and he insisted "Fon the two of them irstantly going to the garret.
"Well!" he cried again, when he stood

beside the coffin with the lamp held un-steadily in his hand, "I declare it's a strange thing for a feller to have water in his eyes over his own coffin. It looks pretty good. Them children!" "Children is mighty furny things!" ex-claimed the mother of four. "A body never

krows what they'll be at next."
In each of the young Tuttle's stockings that Christmas Santa Claus placed a let-ter, containing a dollar gold piece, and he commended them hearti'v for buying the paint with the money from their banks and painting their father's coffin. Not many little girls and boys would think of such a thing, said dar old Santa Claus. Stasy read the letters aloud to her brothers and then the three of them put their heads down on their stockings and cried. Other little girls and boys did not have a father with a coffin. Santa Claus was very kind, but it seemed a very miserable

Christmas. Tuttle also thanked his children for painting the coffin and they cried again.
"It is beautiful," said Tuttle, "such paintin' I never seen!"

When they wept he tried to cheer them drew Tuttle in such a looking thing as by presenting each with another dollar that—catch her!

To Stasy and John and little Andrew a no, sirree, I ain't dead yet."

"If you only didn't have no coffin," said trave little Andrew. Mrs. Tuttle had admired the painted cof-Mrs. Tuttle had admired the painted cor-fin, but she was a practical woman, and when one day she had three dozen chick-ens to ship to market, and no suitable coop, and she thought of the coffin she did-not hesitate. "He said I was to make it useful," she said, "It'll pay for itself and the onions quicker as a chicken coop than any other way."

any other way."
"Oh, mother!" cried little Andrew, when

on, mother: cried little Ardrew, when he saw what she was about.

"It ain't goin' to hurt it none," said Mrs.
Tuttle. "I'll put the strips on with small nails."

"The paint will be ruined," expostulated

"Stasy can freshen it up again," said Mrs. Tuttle.

The farm hand grinned as he drove up the lane with Mr. Tuttle's coffin in the wagon, and Mrs. Tuttle's chickens sticking their heads through the slats. "De ole man ain' gurno lack dis fo' nuffin"," he said. "I hope he don't nass me on de road."

ie don't pass me on de road." Mr. Tuttle did not meet his coffin on the road; indeed, he was altogether in ignorance of the desecration until one morning at the station he saw a long white box at the station he saw a long white lox among the returned coops. He could scarce-ly believe his senses, and yet that box un-mistakably resembled the coffin that his children had painted. He went up to it and dcubted no longer. There was a card at-wagon and smartly touched the young horse with the wisp. He was in a tremendous hurry to reach home, to carry the outraged coffin into the house and put it away, never to be used again for domestic purposes. It had been the baby's cradle, and now it was a chicken coop—after the children had painted it, too. Had Mrs. Tuttle no sentiment at all? He and his coffin would be the laughing stock of the neighborhood. "I would rather be cheated," he roared, and again the whip descended upon the back of the

The colt sprang forward wildly, jerking The coit sprang forward wildly, jerking the wagon to such an extent that Andrew Tuttle lost his balance and fell backward into the coffin and lay there kicking and sputtering as the colt went ahead at a breakneck speed. The man in the coffin gave up attempting to get out; strange thoughts came to him as he rode rapidly along once or twice he smiled will desired. along, once or twice he smiled grimly and once he swore. The colt took the lower road down at the end of the lane, through the creek, where the ice was thawing, and what Tuttle dreaded came to pass; the colt broke through the ice, shivered and fell.

With some difficulty Mr. Tuttle managed to rise out of his coffin. He called loudly for help and he and one of his men extricated the colt from the ice.

tached bidding the commission merchant return "coop" to Mrs. Andrew Tuttle. "Well!" said Tuttle, "well! well!"

He had the wagon with him and he backed it up to the pile of coops and loaded. He was an angry man when he got into his wagon after the coffin. He was driving a colt, a fine slim-legged mare, a very valuable piece of horsefiesh, scarcely trained, and wild at the touch of a whip. Yet Tut-tle, in his state of excitement, stood in the "Hu't putty bad, sah; yes, sah," said the negro. "He neva gunno be de same hoss again; no, sah; he gunno be a plug hoss "Take him to the stable and you get on a

hoss and ride back to the station," ordered Mr. Tuttle, in a strangely calm voice. "Tell 'em at the station to telegraph for a hoss doctor; plug or not, that colt's got to Then Mr. Tuttle took hold of the shafts and drew the spring wagon along to the

"Oh," cried Anastasia, "here comes father and he's pulling his own coffin."
"Oh," echoed little Andrew, "father's pullin' his own coffin."

Andrew Tuttle came into the sitting room and searched for a pencil, and then he called imperatively to Mrs. Tuttle: "Fetch me a bit of paper quick; I want to do a sum." Every one in the Tuttle household was quiet when its master did a sum. plain pine coffin delivered...... \$4 00 paint brush. quart paint (ready mixed).....

A good horse injured for life...... Total cost of coffin for a old fool. \$116 05 When Mr. Tuttle finished this sum he went out to the wagon and shouldered his

coffin. "He's not bringin' it in, Stasy," whispered little Andrew. "He's carryin' it to the wood pile," said John. Oh, Stasy, he's cuttin' it up at the

wood pile. The three young Tuttles met their father when he came to the house again. Mrs. Tuttle remained modestly in the background; she did not quite understand Tuttle's latest move. "Well?" said Tuttle, sinking upon a chair.

"We're so glad you ain't got no coffin father," said little Andrew. The three of them were upon him, Stasy enthusiastically kissing his rough hand, John embracing his knees, little Andrew's arms were around his neck.

"Keepin' up the expense of it was too hard on me," said Tuttle, "and bein' you're all so glad I reckon I'll allow that I ain't sorry, neither."
"Children is such funny things," said

Mrs. Tuttle. "Laws, father, they're ready "They might as well," said Tuttle with a good-humored laugh, "since I ain't got no coffin." LOUISE R. BAKER.

WHEN THE CENTURY ENDS. Controversies as to the Date of the Twentieth Century.

From the New York Herald.

Does the twentieth century begin on January 1, 1900, or on January 1, 1901? This question agitated a great many people some time ago, and it seems to be agitating

And, as is the case with every question, it has advocates on each side. Those who hold that the twentieth century will dawn on January 1, 1900, reason that this is so because the first year of our era began on January 1, 100. Another argument is that the first century began on January 1 of the year 0, and the second on January 1 of the year 100, just as a child is said to be in its first year before it has reached the anniversary of its birth, when it enters its sec-ond year. This logic is applied to the twentieth century question, and those who use it hold that that era opens on January 1,

They argue further that December 31, 99 They argue further that December 31, 99, was the last day in our first era, and completed the first century, and that, therefore, January 1, 100, marked the opening of the second century. Any child will tell you, they say, that a person's twentieth year begins when his nineteenth birthday is attained. So, they conclude, the twentieth century begins in the year 1900. This reasoning is worked out on various lines, but the conclusion is hardly correct. Much better arguments, quite conclusive in lines, but the conclusion is hardly correct.
Much better arguments, quite conclusive in
their nature, are advanced by those who
hold that the twentieth century will begin

on January 1, 1991. The weight of logic seems to be in their favor, and here are some of the points they make:

A favorite argument advanced by those who held that the transfer of the points they make the held that the transfer of the points they have been seen to be advanced by those who held that the transfer of the points t who hold that the twentieth century will begin on January 1, 1901, is that a certain begin on January 1, 1901, is that a certain year will not begin until its predecessor is entirely completed; therefore, that the twentieth century will not be ushered in until the nineteenth has rounded off a full 100 years, and that will not be until midnight of December 31, 1900. In this connection these advocates point to the definition of the word "century," as given in most dictionaries, where it is defined as a period of 100 years, reckoned from any given point dictionaries, where it is defined as a period of 100 years, reckoned from any given point or date. So, they argue that, as the century began with the year 1, it ended with the year 100, and the second century began with the year 101. Suppose, it has been argued, a man starts to put 100 potatoes in a barrel; if he adds another hundred to them, the first potate of that hundred will them, the first potato of that hundred will be the 101st potato. Following out this reasoning, it is held that the twentieth cen-

reasoning, it is held that the twentieth century will not begin till the year 1900 is fully completed.

When you write December 31, 1806, says one on the 1901 side, you mean the year 1806 will be completed on December 31, 1806, and that on the following day the year 1807 will begin When you say the year 1897 will begin. When you say December 31, 1896, you do not mean 1896 years cember 31, 1896, you do not mean 1896 years plus the days up to December 31 of the next year, but December 31 of the year 1896. Hence, they say, in rounding off their pacember 31, 1900, will be the argument, December 31, 1900, will be the 1900th year of the Christian era, and the last day of the nineteenth century, so the wentieth century will begin January 1.

As a way out of the difficulty, conserve tive people suggest it would be well to as-certain how the ancients regarded the question, and to do as they did. If at the beginning, they say, the ancients wrote January 1, year 1, then we, when we write January 1, 1900, mean that the 1800th year has just begun, and we must wait twelve months before we can write 1901. But it is not easy to ascertain what the ancients did in the chronological line in the year 1; so far as known they left no data as to their mathed of compatitudes.

A DOG AND MONKEY FIGHT.

It Was a Lively One, in Which the Dog Did Not Win the Honors. From the Cipcinnati Buguirer. A score and more of people at Muncle were the involuntary witnesses of one of

the funniest fights to a finish imaginable. A monkey belonging to an Italian escaped from its confinement and was ambling along the street when it was attacked by a large yellow dog of mongrel breed. For several seconds there was such a blinding rush of dust that the spec-

tators could scarcely see which was ahead, but finally the monkey broke away and scaled up a pole close at hand, while the dog established himself at the foot and bayed loud and angrily. The monkey chattered in several dialects, running up and down, and all the time keeping a wary eye on its enemy. Finally the the pole is a wary eye on its enemy. Finally it began to slowly slide down the pole, and, coming within range, it bounded plump on the dog's back, and, with teeth and claw, made the hair fly. The dog jumped and howled and shook himself, the crowd yell-

howled and shook himself, the crowd yell-ing itself hoarse shouting "Go it, Tige,"
"Hold to him, Monk." The dog finally flopped over on its back, dislodging the monkey, which again bounded up the pole. By this time the dog was crazed with rage and pain, and it made herculean ef-ferts to reach its chattering enemy, who again brought into play the serve tretter. again brought into play the same tactics as before. A second time it landed square-ly on the dog's back, and there was a repetition in which teeth and claws played a leading role. This round resulted in a complete victory for the "monk," the dog eventually unhorsing his enemy by rolling over, and then bounding to his feet and running away as fast as his legs could carry him. The monkey chased him for a few yards and then returned to the pole satisfied with results.

WISE OLD SENTINEL CROW.

A Bird That Could Count Up to Twenty-Six. Chicago Record.

A naturalist who is much interested in birds says that the crow is the wisest of all feathered animals. He has made a number of experiments recently and declares that an ordinarily well-educated crow can count to twenty, and that he has found a sentinel crow, very old and very wise, that can count to twenty-six. He made these discoveries in a very interesting way

Last summer he spent much time in the mountains, where a cadet company of boys was camped. One day he found a flock of crows gathered around a dead animal that lay near a little old shanty in the woods. They flapped away when he approached So he hid himself in the old shanty and walted, but they would not come back. Ther he went out and walked on up the moun-tain, and they all settled down again to the feast. That afternoon he took four boys from the cadet camp with him, and the five marched into the little building and waited. No crows came back. Two of the boys went out. Still no crows. Then the other two went out and only the naturalist remained But the old sentinei crow had evidently counted them as they went in, and he knew they had not all come out. So he sat on a dry pine stump and said "caw, caw," quite derisively. At last the naturalist left the building, and straightway all the crows re-turned. This experiment was repeated a number of times with varying numbers of boys, but the crows kept count, and would not come down until the building was entirely empty.

At last a whole platoon of the cadets, twenty-six boys in all, and the naturalist, marched into the old building. Then slowly twenty of them went away. The crows did not silr. Two more, four more, five more went, but the old sentinel warned his companions that the men had not all gone. Then the twenty sixth code: Then the twenty-sixth cadet marched away, leaving only the naturalist. In a very few minutes there were a number of hopeful caws and a flopping of wings and the crows returned. The old sentinel could evidently count twenty-six, but numbers beyond this puzzled him. The experiment was tried several times more, and it was found that the crows could keep the court without diff. crews could keep the count without diffi-culty up to twenty, but beyond that they were uncertain. This shows that the crow is a very wise old bird.

A Curious Little Plant That Eats Flies From the New York Evening World. A young man who works at a desk in a

Breadway office came from his home in Rahway. N. J., with a curious-looking plant embedded in some moist moss and earth. When his associates asked him what it was he said: "Just watch it." They did. It was placed on his desk near a window. In less than two hours every petal was filled with a dead fly. Then he

explained to the clerk that this plant was a fly-eater. It killed and absorbed the flies. 'My sister belonged to a botany class." he said, "and she dug this from a swanp near Perth Amboy. She loaned it to me to as-tenish you fellows. It is very rare." A fellow clerk from Savannah took a look at it and said: "When I come back from luncheon I will show you something. He brought in a small bottle of spirits of campror and put one drop on each of the pet-als. Instantly the flies were released and

the petals closed tight as a clam. "Now," he said, "that plant will have a fit of indigestion for about three days and then it will survive for about as many weeks. They are common enough in the south."

## A Fragrant Bath. From Invention.

We always have known that Parisian ladies know a trick or two not generally known by the world at large for preserving their youth and brightness. We have it on the authority of a contemporary that these ladies put starch into their bath water to soften it, as it is cheaper than boray or teilet vinegar and more trustworthy than ammonia, which is said to induce a growth of down on the skin. The Parisian ladies' n:aids are adepts at preparing delicate tol-let waters, and always have material ready for use, meal baths, starch baths, flower baths, sea baths and medicated baths. One bath which is considered somewhat of a luxury must have a curious pudding effect. The bathtub is lined with a linen sheet, The bathtub is lined with a linear government of the property to fit it. Then a bag, containing almond meal or oatnieal, with orrist root and dozens of other ingredients, is put in giving it a delicious fragrance. The in, giving it a delicious fragrance. The bath being filled to the brim with water, the intending bather gets in and remains until she is saturated with the perfume. Would that such baths were common in England.

Slept in the Hen Coop. From Harper's Round Table.

"Papa, is Mrs. Bigelow very poor?" "No, Cedric, Mrs. Bigelow is well off; lon't you know what a nice house she has?" "But she sleeps in the hen coop, papa."

Why, Cedric!" "She said she did."
"What do you mean?"

"Don't you remember when she was here to dinner night before last she excused her-self, and said she must go home early be-cause she went to bed with the chickens?"



"Excuse me professor, but will you please tell me the name of this rare plant?

